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JOURNEY *into*

FEAR

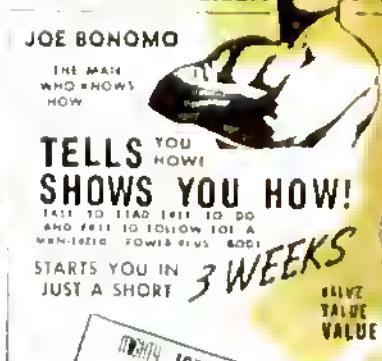
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No. 11



Death by Invitation
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Demons of the Deep
The Stolen Corpse

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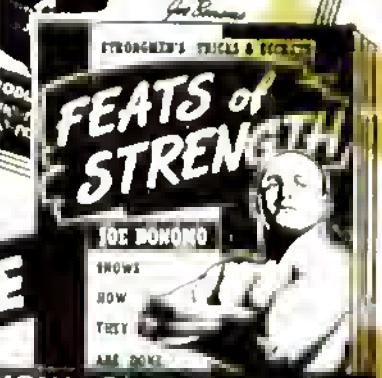


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Death by Invitation

JOHN MARKSON WAS DEATHLY AFRAID OF—DEATH! IT WAS SO UNFAIR! WHY SHOULD HE DIE...HE WHO HAD ALWAYS LIVED A GOOD LIFE, WHEN SO MANY OTHERS WHO DESERVED TO DIE, LIVED? SO WHEN SENTENCE WAS PRONOUNCED ON HIM, HE DECIDED THAT HE WOULD NOT MAKE THE DARK JOURNEY ALONE! HE WOULD BE LAW, JUDGE AND JURY, AND HE WOULD BE EXECUTIONER, TOO! AND HE SENT OUT THE INVITATIONS TO A GRAVE...



JOHN MARKSON PAYS A LONG DELAYED VISIT TO HIS DOCTOR...

TELL ME THE WORST, DOCTOR! I—I'VE HAD SUCH PAINS IN MY HEART LATELY!

BE PATIENT, MR. MARKSON! YOU CAN'T HURRY THESE THINGS!

HOW SOON WILL I KNOW, DOCTOR? I CAN'T STAND THIS UN-CERTAINTY!

I'LL SEND YOU A REPORT IN A COUPLE OF DAYS! AS SOON AS I HAVE THE RESULTS OF ALL THE TESTS! TRY NOT TO WORRY! IT MAY NOT BE SERIOUS!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

AND WHEN THE REPORT FINALLY COMES...

A D-DEATH SENTENCE! THE DOCTOR SAYS I'VE ONLY GOT THREE MONTHS TO LIVE! THREE MONTHS AT THE M-MOST! BUT WHY? WHY ME?

THAT NIGHT, JOHN MARKSON WALKS THE WEARY STREETS, SLEEPLESS. AND AFRAID...

HAH-HAH! A LIE - ALL LIES! I'VE LIVED A GOOD LIFE, YET I MUST DIE! WHILE WICKED PEOPLE GO UNPUNISHED! IT'S NOT FAIR!

MISSION

THE WHEELS OF SIN IS DEATH

WUXTRA - READ ABOUT IT! ANOTHER WATERFRONT MURDER! POLICE HAVE NO CLUES! READ ALL ABOUT THE MURDER!

LISTEN TO HIM! LOOK AT THOSE PAPERS! CRIME EVERYWHERE, GOING UN-PUNISHED, WHILE I HAVE TO DIE! IF ONLY I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

LATER THAT NIGHT THE BRAIN OF JOHN MARKSON, ALREADY TWISTED BY FEAR OF DEATH, EVOLVES A TERRIBLE PLAN...

WHY NOT? WHY SHOULD ALL THOSE CROOKS LIVE WHILE I DIE? I'LL TAKE THE LAW INTO MY OWN HANDS! I'LL - (CHUCKLE) - BE THE JUDGE AND THE JURY! IF NOBODY ELSE WILL MAKE THEM PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES - I WILL!

POLICE TONIGHT WERE FORCED TO RELEASE DAN CASTELLI, NOTORIOUS GANGSTER, FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE! CASTELLI HAD BEEN HELD IN THE MURDER OF...

HAH! EVERYBODY KNOWS CASTELLI IS A KILLER! SO I'LL START WITH HIM! I'LL BE DOING THE WORLD A FAVOR!

THE NEXT DAY, JOHN MARKSON PAYS A VISIT TO A COSTUME SHOP...

THIS SHOULD BE JUST THE THING, SIR! VERY UNUSUAL, SIR, GOING TO A COSTUME BALL AS DEATH!

YES! I'M GOING TO - (CHUCKLE) - PLAY A LITTLE JOKE ON SOME FRIENDS OF MINE! THEY'RE GOING TO BE VERY MUCH SURPRISED!

A FEW DAYS LATER IN THE APARTMENT OF DAN CASTELLI, THE GANSTER...

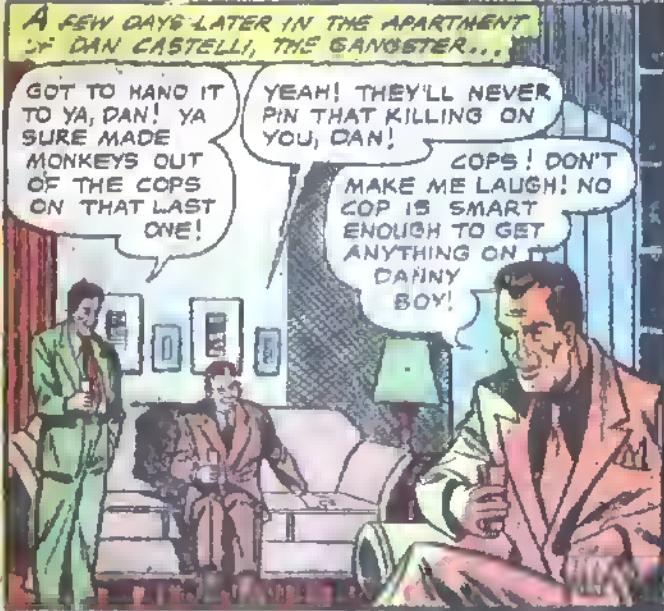
GOT TO HAND IT TO YA, DAN! YA SURE MADE MONKEYS OUT OF THE COPS ON THAT LAST ONE!

YEAH! THEY'LL NEVER PIN THAT KILLING ON YOU, DAN!

COPS! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! NO COP IS SMART ENOUGH TO GET ANYTHING ON DANNY BOY!

HEY LOVER, THIS CAME FOR YOU! FOUND IT IN THE MAIL BOX!

HAH-RAH! MAYBE THE BOSS IS GETTING MASK NOTES, HUM? SHUDDUP, YOU! GIVE IT TO ME, MARIE!



AND...

HUH! WHAT KIND OF A BUM JOKE IS THIS? SOME CRAZY SCREWBALL...

MAYBE THE CONDON MOB SENT IT, CHIEF! TRYING TO MAKE YOU NERVOUS!

YEAH! THEY THINK THEY CAN SCARE YA!

LIGH! GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!

BUT THAT NIGHT, DAN CASTELLI DOES NOT SLEEP WELL...

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE HAD SOME OF THE BOYS STAY WITH ME, ONLY THEY'D THINK I WAS AFRAID OF THAT NUTTY CARD! IF THEY THOUGHT THAT, THEY'D...

B-BUT I KEEP THINKING I HEAR THINGS!

Dan Castelli -
I cordially invite
you to die!
Sincerely,
Mr. Death

SUDDENLY...

YAAAAAAA -
THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE ROOM! HELP!
YIIIIIIIIII -

I KEEP MY APPOINTMENTS, CASTELLI! AND YOU WILL FIND ME MORE EFFICIENT THAN THE POLICE! I SENTENCE YOU TO -

DIE!

NO!
DON'T -
GAAAAAA -



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

LATER, AS JOHN MARKSON, ALIAS MR. DEATH, RETURNS TO HIS OWN GLOOMY HOUSE...

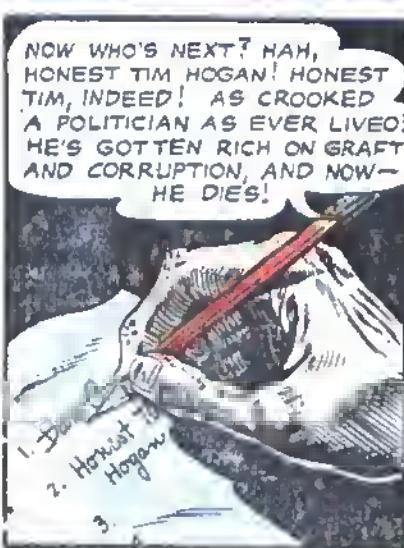
OOOO! MY FIRST EXECUTION, WELL DONE! DAN CASTELLI HAS PAID FOR HIS CRIMES AND NOBODY WILL EVER — (CHUCKLE) — SUSPECT ME! THEY'LL BLAME SOME OF HIS GANGSTER PALS!



BUT MY WORK HAS ONLY STARTED! THERE ARE SO MANY RASCALS IN THE WORLD, SO MANY WHO DESERVE TO DIE! IF ONLY MY POOR HEART WILL HOLD OUT UNTIL I'VE FINISHED THE JOB!

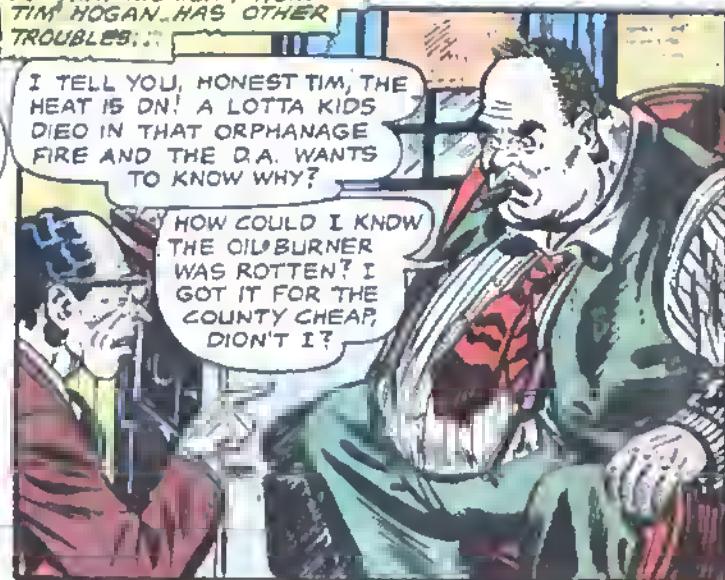


NOW WHO'S NEXT? HAH, HONEST TIM HOGAN! HONEST TIM, INDEED! AS CROOKED A POLITICIAN AS EVER LIVED! HE'S GOTTEN RICH ON GRAFT AND CORRUPTION, AND NOW — HE DIES!



AT THAT MOMENT, HONEST TIM HOGAN HAS OTHER TROUBLES...

I TELL YOU, HONEST TIM, THE HEAT IS ON! A LOTTA KIDS DIED IN THAT ORPHANAGE FIRE AND THE D.A. WANTS TO KNOW WHY?



ANYWAY WHO CARES ABOUT A BUNCH OF ORPHAN KIDS? THEY'RE BETTER OFF! AND I GOT THE D.A. IN MY POCKET! THIS WILL BLOW OVER LIKE ALL THE OTHER STUFF!



BUT A FEW NIGHTS LATER AS HONEST TIM RETURNS TO HIS PALATIAL HOME AFTER A HARD DAY OF GYPPING THE TAX-PAYERS...

HUH! WHAT'S THIS, SMIRKINS? NO STAMP ON IT!

NO, SIR! I FOUND IT PUSHED UNDER THE DOOR, SIR! VERY STRANGE, SIR!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

HONEST TIM USES THE CARD OF MR. DEATH TO LIGHT ONE OF HIS DOLLAR CIGARS...

SOME FOOL SENDING ME THREATS! HAH-HAH! IF ONLY THEY KNEW HOW ACCUSTOMED I AM TO THREATS! HURRY UP, SMIRKINS!

YES, MR. HOGAN! YOUR BRANDY, SIR!

NO, YOU FOOL! NOT THIS BOTTLE! IDIOT! GO BACK DOWN TO THE CELLAR AND BRING ME THE NAPOLEON IBIS! MAKE IT SNAPPY, OR YOU'RE FIRED!

Y-YES, SIR! I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, SIR! I'LL GET IT RIGHT AWAY!

LET LONG MINUTES PASS AND...

SMIRKINS! HURRY, YOU FAT HEAD! SMIRKINS! WHERE IN THE DEVIL ARE YOU?

SUDDENLY A CHILL DRAFT CREEPS THROUGH THE ROOM! THE DOOR SWINGS SLOWLY OPEN...

WELL, SMIRKINS, IT'S ABOUT TIME! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! NOW DO YOUR JOB AND GET OUT! YOU'RE DISCHARGED!

H-HUH! W-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU W-WANT? GET OUT! HELP!

YOU KNOW WHO I AM, HONEST TIM! WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? THE WAY YOU FORGOT ABOUT THE OIL BURNER AT THE END OF THE DAY?

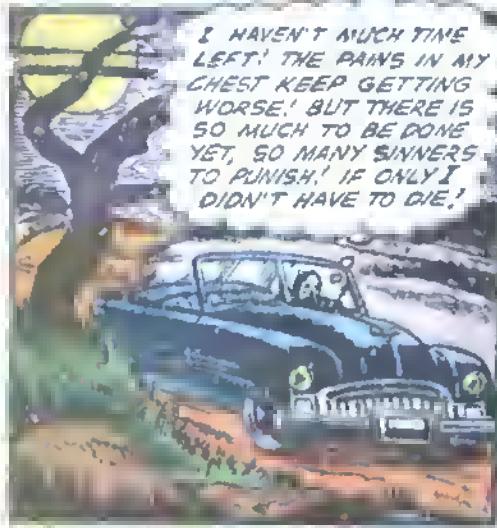
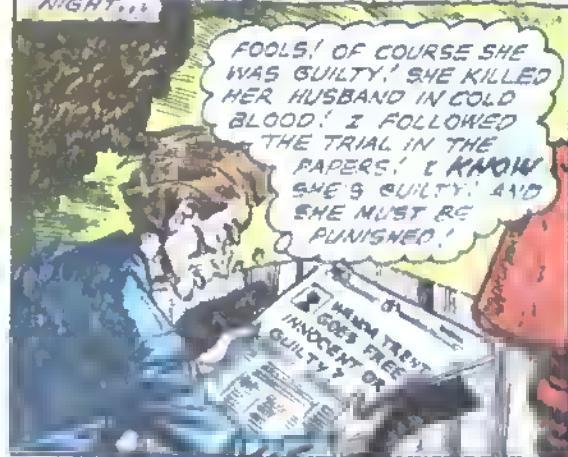
NO! YOU CAN'T— YOU'RE NOT THE LAW! THIS IS SOME TRICK! — YOU— AHGGGGG—

BUT I AM THE LAW! HAH-HAH-HAH! I HAVE TRIED AND CONDEMNED YOU! GOODBYE— HONEST TIM!

AND HERE'S ANOTHER OF MY CARES, JUST SO PEOPLE WILL KNOW HOW YOU DIED! TOO BAD I CAN'T— (CHUCKLE)— TELL THEM WHO I REALLY AM! I'M SURE THEY WOULD WANT TO GIVE ME A MEDAL!



A WEEK PASSES! MR. DEATH REMAINS IN ECLUSION, LISTENING TO THE RADIO AND STUDYING THE NEWSPAPERS! AND ONE NIGHT...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

AS STEALTHY AS THE DEATH HE IS IMPERSONATING, JOHN MARKSON STALKS THE HELPLESS GIRL...

HELP! OH, NO! YOU CAN'T— O-DON'T!

BUT I CAN, WANDA! YOU'RE GOING TO DRINK THIS POISON! ARGENIC! JUST THE SAME AS, YOU GAVE YOUR POOR HUSBAND!



SUDDENLY FROM A CLOSET AND THROUGH THE DOOR COME A LITTLE GROUP OF HARD-FACED MEN...

W-WHAT? A TRAP! YOU TRICKED ME!

GRAB HIM!

WE THOUGHT YOU WOULD SHOW UP— MR. DEATH!

NO USE FIGHTING! YOU'RE ALL WASHEO UP!



HAH-HAH! YOU FOOLS! I'VE BEATEN YOU AFTER ALL! I'M GOING TO DIE ANYWAY, OF A BAD HEART! I'LL NEVER—(CHUCKLE)—LIVE TO BE EXECUTED! HEE-HEEE! THE JOKE'S ON YOU!

YOU'RE STILL WRONG, MARKSON! THE JOKE IS ON YOU!



THE NURSE GOT THE REPORTS MIXED UP! YOU GOT A LETTER INTENDED FOR ANOTHER MAN! THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOU BUT **SEVERE INDIGESTION**— SOMETIMES IT MASQUERADES AS HEART TROUBLE! YOU'LL LIVE—TO DIE IN THE CHAIR!

H-HUH! ONLY INDIGESTION! NO! YAAAAAAA!



GUUUU-OH,

EEEEEEEEE-



COME ON, YOU LITTLE FOOL! DRINK! IT WILL ALL BE OVER IN A MOMENT! AFTER ALL, WHY SHOULDN'T YOU DIE? I'M GOING TO...

B-BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

A LOT OF THINGS! THE MANAGER OF THAT COSTUME STORE, THE SCREWY CARDS, YOUR DOCTOR! WE HAD TO BE SURE, SO WE BAITED A TRAP WITH THE GIRL! SHE DID KILL HER HUSBAND, BY THE WAY, BUT NOW SHE'LL ONLY GET LIFE! YOU'RE THE **WORST** TYPE OF KILLER, MARKSON! TAKING THE LAW IN YOUR OWN HANDS!



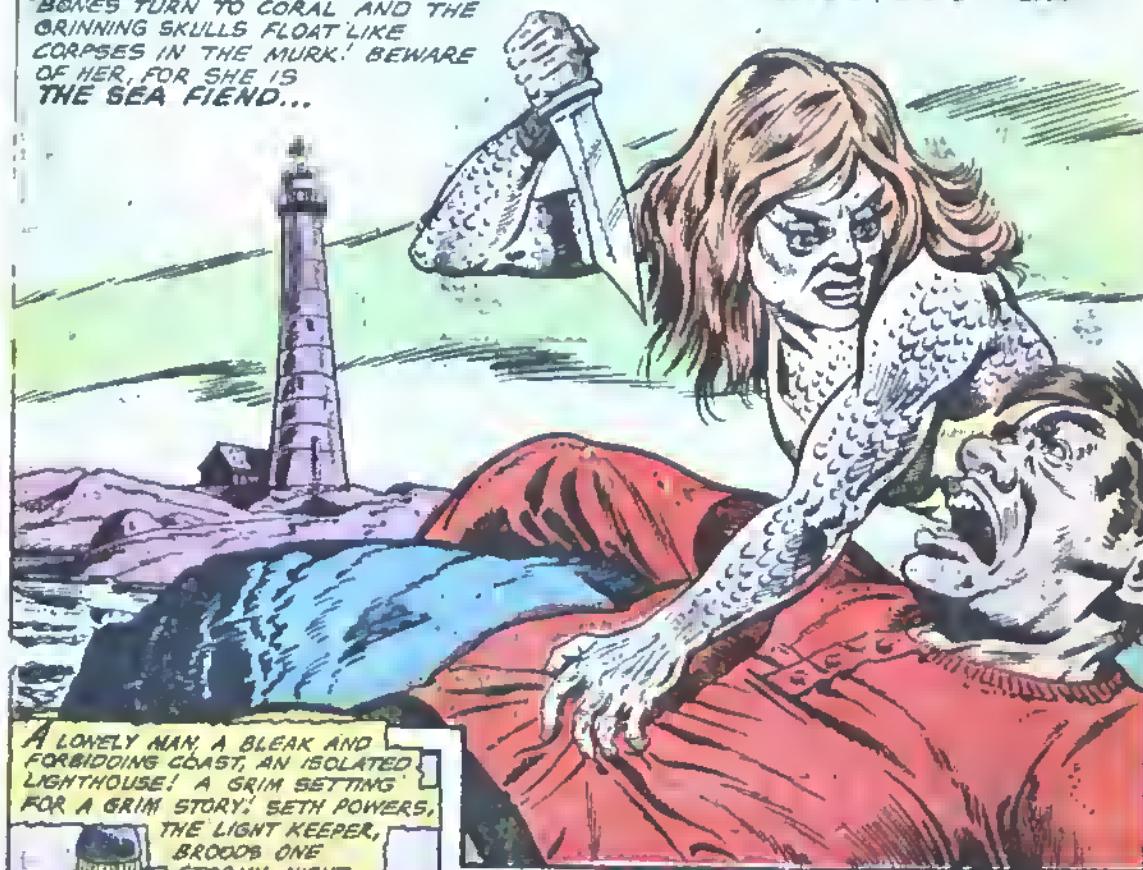
John Markson—
You are cordially
invited to die in the
electric chair, for
trying to take over my
job!

X Death

The End

DEMONS OF THE DEEP

FATHOMS DOWN, IN THE GREEN DEPTHS WHERE LIVE UNGUESSED HORRORS, AND SUN-LIGHT NEVER PENETRATES, THERE WAS A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE KINGDOM RULED BY A CREATURE WHO WAS NEITHER HUMAN NOR FISH! ONCE A YEAR, TORTURED BY A FIENDISH THIRST WHICH ONLY BLOOD COULD SLAKE, THIS SHE-THING CAME TO THE SURFACE AND VISITED SOME UNWARY MORTAL! THEN DOWN INTO THE GRISLY CAVERNS SHE DRAGGED HER PREY, DOWN INTO THE ECHOING CAVERNS WHERE BONES TURN TO CORAL AND THE GRINNING SKULLS FLOAT LIKE CORPSES IN THE MURK! BEWARE OF HER, FOR SHE IS THE SEA FIEND...

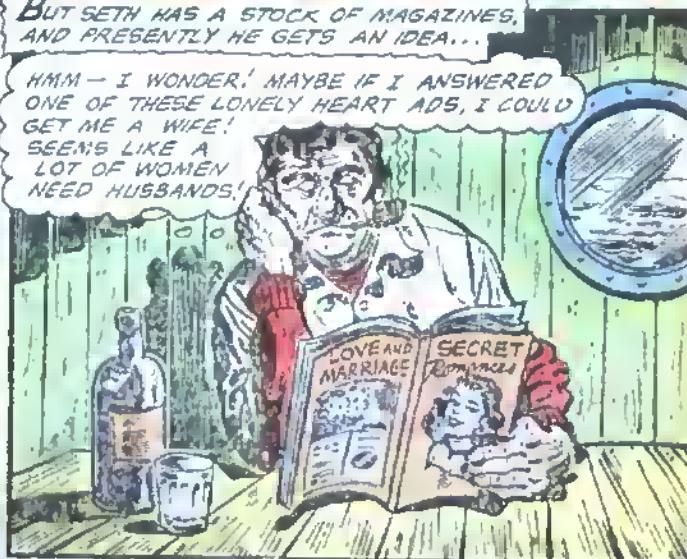


A LONELY MAN, A BLEAK AND FORBIDDING COAST, AN ISOLATED LIGHTHOUSE! A GRIM SETTING FOR A GRIM STORY: SETH POWERS, THE LIGHT KEEPER, BROOBS ONE STORMY NIGHT...



BUT SETH HAS A STOCK OF MAGAZINES, AND PRESENTLY HE GETS AN IDEA...

HMM — I WONDER! MAYBE IF I ANSWERED ONE OF THESE LONELY HEART ADS, I COULD GET ME A WIFE! SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF WOMEN NEED HUSBANDS!



NOW LET ME SEE! DEAR LOVE-LORN AGENCY, MY NAME IS SETH POWERS AND I AM A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER! I SURE NEED A WIFE AND I WOULD BE THANKFUL IF YOU WOULD PUT ME IN TOUCH WITH A NICE WOMAN...



SUDDENLY... HUH! NOW, WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH THAT BLASTED LIGHT? THE POWER IS OKAY, SO IT MUST BE A FUSE! AND JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING ALONG SO WELL WITH MY LETTER...



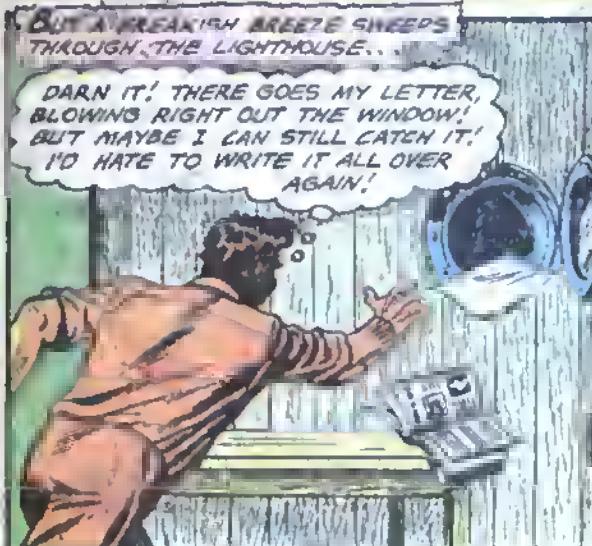
HE SOON FINDS THE TROUBLE AND MAKES REPAIRS! THE LIGHT FLASHES ON AGAIN...

HAH, IT WAS ONLY A FUSE AFTER ALL! NOW I'LL FINISH MY LETTER AND SEND IT INTO THE MAINLAND THE NEXT TIME THE BOAT COMES OUT!



BUT A BREAKISH BREEZE SNEEPS THROUGH THE LIGHTHOUSE...

DARN IT! THERE GOES MY LETTER, BLOWING RIGHT OUT THE WINDOW! BUT MAYBE I CAN STILL CATCH IT! I'D HATE TO WRITE IT ALL OVER AGAIN!



TOO LATE...

OH-OH! GOT AWAY FROM ME! BLOWING DOWN INTO THE OCEAN! WELL, TO HELL WITH IT! I'M NOT GONNA WRITE ANOTHER! WRITING LETTERS IS HARD WORK FOR ME!



HEH-HEH! MAYBE A MERMAID WILL READ IT AND COME TO SEE ME! OR MAYBE I'LL BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT A WIFE AFTER ALL! IT WAS ONLY A CRAZY IDEA, AND I'M TOO OLD A DOG TO CHANGE MY TRICKS!



THERE IS A TERRIBLE PROPHECY IN HIS WORDS - BUT HOW CAN HE SEE THE GROTESQUE HAND THAT REACHES UP FROM THE FOAMING WAVES AND CLUTCHES THE LETTER...

HA-HA-HO-HEE-HEE-HEE!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

LATER, AS SETH PREPARES FOR BED...

HO-HUM, ANOTHER DAY WASTED ON THIS STINKING JOB! WELL, THE LIGHT IS ALL SET FOR THE NIGHT, SO I'LL JUST GET TO BED AND CATCH SOME SLEEP! HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

B-SOMEBODY KNOCKING AT THE DOOR DOWN-STAIRS! B-BUT WHO? HOW COULD ANYONE GET HERE? THE MAINLAND ALWAYS CALLS ME WHENEVER A BOAT IS COMING OUT!

OKAY, I'M COMING! NO NEED TO KNOCK THE DOOR DOWN, WHOEVER YOU ARE! GEE, I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHO COULD BE OUT HERE ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!



DOWN THE DARK CIRCULAR STAIRS HE GOES, TO WHERE THE CONTINUOUS KNOCKING CONTINUES...

SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT KNOCKING! MAYBE I'D BE SMART NOT TO OPEN THE DOOR, BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHO IT CAN BE!



I'VE COME TO ANSWER YOUR AD, OF COURSE! YOU WROTE A LETTER, DIDN'T YOU? ASKING FOR A WIFE! WELL, I'M GOING TO BE YOUR WIFE! NOW PLEASE SHOW ME TO MY ROOM!



AND SO THE STRANGE WOMAN FROM THE NIGHT TAKES COMMAND! IT IS ALMOST AS THOUGH SHE IS ALREADY MARRIED TO SETH POWERS...



AT THE ENTRANCE TO HIS ROOM THE WOMAN TURNS AND...

I'LL JUST TAKE YOUR ROOM! AND HERE IS A KISS FOR YOU, SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN WE'RE MARRIED!

HEY! G-GOSH, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE A WOMAN KISSED ME!

THE DOOR CLOSES IN HIS FACE, LEAVING HIM NUMB AND WONDERING —AND FRIGHTENED...

BRRR—HER LIPS! SO C-COLD AND DANK! AND SHE WAS WET! WET ALL OVER AS THOUGH SHE HAD BEEN IN THE SEA! ONLY THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



BUT ON A NIGHT OF WIND AND STORM, WITH THE SEA GROWLING IN RAGE, NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE! SO HE CHECKS...

HEY, TIM? THIS IS SETH AT THE LIGHTHOUSE! DID YOU BRING A DAME OUT HERE TONIGHT? YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

A DAME? ARE YOU NUTS? I'M NOT SILLY ENOUGH TO TAKE A BOAT OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS! YOU MUST BE SEEING THINGS!



AND... IT'S A REAL POWER FAILURE THIS TIME! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO THE CABLES! AND THAT MEANS I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN TO THE SHED AND START THE EMERGENCY GENERATOR! AND FAST!



BUT AS HE HANGS UP...

SEEING THINGS, HUH? HEY, THE LIGHTS...GONE OUT AGAIN! AND I KNOW I'M NOT IMAGINING THAT! I'VE GOT TO FIX IT QUICK!



A LOT OF FUNNY THINGS ARE HAPPENING AROUND HERE TONIGHT! I WRITE THAT LETTER WHICH I DON'T MAIL, BUT A DAME SHOWS UP ANYWAY! ONLY THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT A DAME ON THE MAINLAND! NOW THE LIGHTS GO OUT AGAIN!



BUT AS HE REACHES THE GENERATOR SHEO, THE LIGHT SUDDENLY FLASHES ON AGAIN...

NOW LOOK AT THAT! IT'S WORKING! ONLY SOME-THING IS STILL WRONG — THE LIGHT SHOULDN'T BE FLASHING OFF AND ON LIKE THAT!

SIGNALS! THAT'S WHAT IT IS! S-SOME-ONE IS SIGNALING WITH MY LIGHT! AND THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON ON THE ISLAND!

HE RACES FRANTICALLY TO THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...

HEY, LADY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT LIGHT? GET AWAY FROM IT! YOU WANT TO MAKE TROUBLE?

STAND BACK, YOU FOOL! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING! I AM SIGNALING TO MY PEOPLE!

YOUR P-PEOPLE?

YES! IT IS TIME NOW FOR YOU TO KNOW THE TRUTH! I AM NOT A HUMAN BEING! I AM A QUEEN — QUEEN OF THE FISH PEOPLE! AND I WILL BE YOUR BRIDE!

YAWN — MY BRIDE!

I GET IT NOW! SHE'S AN ESCAPED LOONEY!

BUT THE GIRL THROWS BACK HER CLOAK, AND SETH POWERS WILTS WITH TERROR AT WHAT HE SEES...

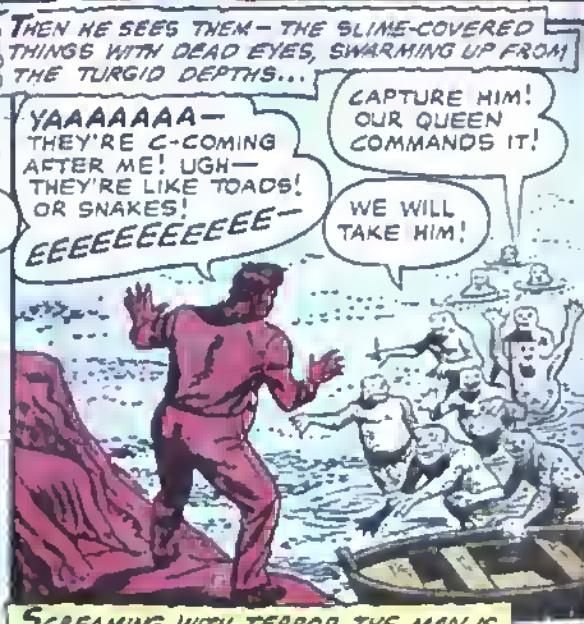
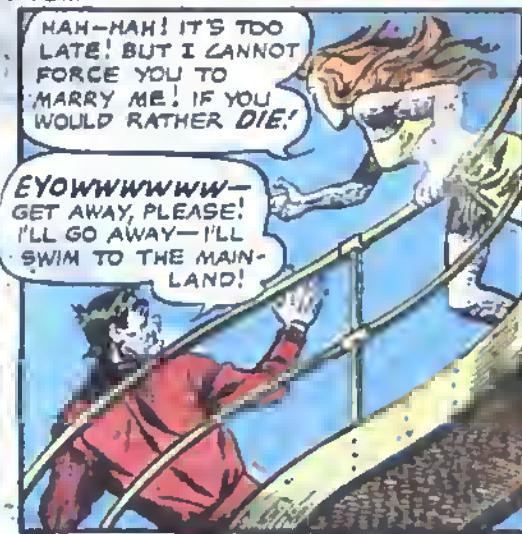
YOU SEE! I HAVE SCALES! FINS! I AM HALF-FISH!

EEEEEEE — IT'S T-TRUE!

GAAA — WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

MARRY YOU, FOOL! AS SOON AS MY PEOPLE ARRIVE, I AM IMMORTAL, BUT I MUST TAKE A NEW HUSBAND EVERY YEAR! A HUMAN! IF I DO NOT, OUR RACE WILL VANISH!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR .



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

FINALLY HE IS TAKEN TO A GROUP OF ROCKS NEAR THE SEA! HIS SCREAMS GROW AS HE SEES THAT THE ROCKS FORM A NATURAL ALTAR...

THERE IS NO TIME! YOU KNOW THAT TO KEEP OUR RACE ALIVE I MUST WED A HUMAN BEFORE THE MOON WANES TONIGHT! WE HAVE ALREADY WASTED TOO MUCH TIME! BUT IF HE FAILS US, WE WILL HAVE BLOOD REVENGE!

PUT HIM THERE! HE SHALL HAVE HIS CHOICE NOW! MARRIAGE WITH ME—OR DEATH!

KILL HIM, MY QUEEN! YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THIS ONE!

OOOOAAA—
EEEYIIII—
HELP!



NOW MAKE UP YOUR MIND! BE MY KING, DESCEND TO THE SEA PLACE WITH ME, AND LIVE! REFUSE ME AND — DIE!

WHICH DO YOU FEAR MOST? MY SCALES, MY FINS, THE ICY COLDNESS OF MY BREATH AND BLOOD? OR THIS BLADE OF SHARP CORAL? IN THIS LAST MINUTE, I BID YOU SPEAK!

KILL!

HEE-HEE!
HA-HA-HA-HA-

THEN, IN A GURGLING CRY...

NO!
I'LL DO IT!
SPARE ME!

GOOD! SO YOU LIVE!

YAAAAAAA!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

HE IS DEAD YET HE LIVES!
HIS OWN BLOOD IS AS COLD
NOW AS THE FISH CREATURES
WHO HOLD HIM ENTRANCED!
ALREADY HIS EYES
STARE AND TURN
TO SIGHTLESS
PEARLS, YET HE
IS AWARE OF
THEIR APPROACH
TO A FANTASTIC
CASTLE RISING
FROM THE FLOOR
OF THE SEA.
CLOSER, CLOSER,
AS IN A DEATH

COME, MY KING! DO NOT BE AFRAID!
SOON YOU WILL LIVE AGAIN!

STRANGE! SO
STRANGE!

THEY FLOAT INTO THE UNDERWATER CASTLE,
WHERE IN A GREAT CHAMBER THERE STANDS
A THRONE OF GOLDEN CORAL...

I AM DEAD! I KNOW I AM! B-BUT I
CAN SEE AND HEAR, AND UNDERSTAND!
AS THOUGH I HAD ANOTHER BODY
INSIDE THE ONE THAT IS DEAD!

HAIL TO
OUR NEW
KING!

HERE IS OUR
THRONE! HERE
WE WILL RULE
THE FISH PEOPLE
TOGETHER!

F-FOR ME? YOU
MEAN I'M REALLY
THE KING OF
THIS PLACE?
BUT HOW CAN
THAT BE?
I'M DEAD!

YOUR OLD BODY IS
DEAD! BUT YOU LIVE,
AND IN A LITTLE
TIME YOU WILL BE
LIKE US! BUT
YOUR
BLOOD...

MY BLOOD? WHAT
ABOUT MY BLOOD?
W-WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?

TO BE AS
WE ARE;
YOU MUST
HAVE BLOOD

LIKE DURS! COLD,
FISH BLOOD! AND
NOW...

LATER, TWO OF THE FISH
MONSTERS TOW A LIFE-
LESS, FLACCID BODY
UPWARD TO THE STORMY
SURFACE OF THE SEA...

THIS OLD SHELL! WE
MUST GET RID OF IT!
HIS NEW BODY
ALREADY
LOOKS
LIKE US!

HE WILL
MAKE A
GOOD KING
FOR A YEAR!

DAYS LATER, A BODY IS
WASHED ASHORE AND IS
EXAMINED BY THE POLICE...

IT'S OLD SETH POWERS. ALL
RIGHT; FUNNY, TOO! NOT A
MARK ON HIM, YET NOT A
DROP OF BLOOD IN HIS
BODY!

AND THE LOOK ON
HIS FACE! AS IF HE
KNEW A SECRET THAT
NOBODY ELSE
KNOWS!

WE'LL
NEVER
KNOW THE
TRUTH
ABOUT
THIS
ONE!



THE END

HOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shode



BONY HANDS OF DEATH

THE FEEL of death, that was what he didn't like. And death had been a kind of constant companion now, for months. It walked at his elbow. It clanked its bony skeleton. Its deathly-white finger bones were always on his shoulder, reminding him. And when he turned to look, even in the middle of a crowded street, even with Etty at his side, he'd seen death crouching somewhere. Behind a car; on top of a bus; on the front page of the morning newspaper. And death always grinned at him. It had big, hollow eyes, death had; and fallen chaps; and always that mocking, deadly grin.

He stopped his car in front of the house and got out. He stood there in the late evening light that filtered drearily through the dripping trees and cursed. It had been raining almost interruptedly, now, for a whole week. Of course, rain would make the ground soft. Particularly the ground of a graveyard.

And tonight, he knew, he would be digging a grave.

A glance up and down the block showed him how deserted the street was. The nearest house was half a block away. And his and Etty's place was just on the edge of the little country village.

He wound his fingers tightly round the hilt of the gleaming clasp-knife he'd bought over in Hilldale.

The rain came down, its soft voice seeming to repeat a funeral song. Death, death, the rain sang. It ate its way into everything. The lawn was almost a lake now. The reed curtains on the porch hung sodden and bedraggled.

Abruptly, he wondered what the grave would look like now. The grave markers would be quite alone in their dull grey drabness and the ground would be soft, very soft. Perhaps, after all, the rain would be an ally.

ANSON MORBY chuckled at last. After all, it had only been half a year since he and Etty had poisoned her father. The grave had still not settled. A sharp spade would turn the dirt easily. And it would be simple to locate her mother's coffin, remove the top of the outer iron

covering that enclosed it and bury Etty forever. Then Etty, her mother and her father would lie together—the Renwicks all gone, at last.

The sharp edge of the knife pricked him as he walked up the path to the house. Too bad he couldn't use aconites on Etty as he and Etty had used it on old Silas Renwick. The common garden weed, so innocent, so deadly, had done its work well. The roots, chopped fine and placed in old Silas' food, had left no trace in the system. Heart failure the doctor had called it. And over the corpse, Anson and Etty had smiled secretly at each other. For now her father's hatred of Anson meant nothing. The following week he had married Etty, no longer just an heiress, but the possessor of a hundred thousand dollars of her father's money.

He whipped the knife from his pocket and looked at it, shuddering. It would have to be the knife, he knew, not aconite root. Ever since her father had died, Etty had fallen prey to the stabs of her own conscience. She loved him, he knew, but she didn't trust him. He put the knife back, opened the door and went in.

"Anson! Anson, darling!" He heard her call as he stood in the entrance hall, taking off his rubbers. Her voice was tense, anxious. Anson Morby smiled. He could guess that his threat had worked.

An instant later she flew into his arms.

He stood there immobile and let her kiss him. It was good to feel one's power over another, know that a word could command or even kill.

"Anson, don't leave me, don't ever leave me," she begged. She stared wildly round the room. "I'm lonely, Anson, when you're away. I keep seeing shadows. Anson . . ." she stared at him in terror. ". . . you don't suppose he might come back? I keep thinking his spirit is in the house, walking on the stairs, hiding on the landing, in the dark!"

"The dead don't walk," Anson said contemptuously. Inwardly he winced; he wished he could believe that himself. There was death at his own elbow, he knew; the death of Silas Renwick. And soon the death of Etty Morby. "You're overwrought." He took a step back. "You drew the money from the bank?" he demanded.

"I took it out," she said breathlessly. "I did everything you told me to, Anson. I didn't tell the clerk we were going to deposit it in that other bank."

ANSON MORBY smiled. When he had threatened to leave her unless she drew her money from the bank, he had told her that it was merely so they could put it in a better one: Etty was stingy with money. It had been easy to frighten her with stories that her present bank was shaky, insecure. And the very act of withdrawing it would strengthen his own story, the story he would tell the police after he had buried Etty. That she had taken the money and run away with a lover.

"Anson, we'll put it in that other bank tomorrow, won't we?" she asked anxiously.

He looked at her, new hatred mounting in his heart. The money was still more precious to her than he was. He saw the years that might have been lengthening out before him. Years of begging her for hand-outs. Years of asking for money. Years of coming to her hat in hand for the cash to buy a suit. He saw her as she always had been at such times—suspicious, miserly, hoarding her fortune as though she couldn't live without it.

He glanced past her, to the dining room. On her sideboard he saw the leather portfolio that held the cash. In fifties and hundreds he'd told her.

"Anson . . ." she began again.

Slowly he drew the knife from his pocket.

"Anson!" The scream of her voice was cut off suddenly as horror paralyzed her throat. She backed away from him, mouthing sounds like an animal. He came toward her soundlessly, grinning, enjoying the sheer fright on her face.

As she stopped with a jar, her back against the wall, Anson Morby struck.

He watched her crumple. She tried to speak. One little sound came from her mouth, like the plaint of a hurt child. And she died with her eyes not on him, but on the leather portfolio of money.

It wasn't easy to bend and pick her up. Her face, loose, relaxed in death, held an empty, vacuous grin. He put the knife in his pocket, lifted her with an effort. At the door he paused, clicking out the lights with a nudge of his elbow.

QUICKLY he opened the car, put Etty's body in the back seat, got behind the wheel. In the trunk of the car was the spade he would use to turn the earth of the Renwick family grave. And now the rain

was a friend, for after he had buried Etty in the iron covering of her mother's coffin, it would smooth the marks of digging. There would be no trace of what had happened. He could wait months, shed his crocodile tears and then move away. In another state, another town, no one would question where he had got a hundred thousand dollars in cash.

The drive to the cemetery was short. He glanced at his watch as he parked the car near the grave. Nine o'clock on a rainy night. No one would be near a graveyard at that hour. And the rain would cover the car tracks, when he left.

Etty's body slung over his shoulder; the spade in his free hand, Anson plodded toward the Renwick grave. Abruptly he dropped the shovel, drew a flashlight from his pocket. In its glare he saw the grave markers with their silent lettering: *Mary Renwick, 1892-1947; Silas Renwick, 1890-1953*. They tilted drunkenly in the rain.

He put Etty's body on the muddy ground, placed the flashlight on a boulder, so that its fitful beam played on the grave. Then he picked up the shovel and began to dig, casting one fearful glance 'round the graveyard. He knew the dead did not walk. Here, the only reality was death—bony death, grinning its fixed, bitter laugh.

Suddenly he struck iron. He glanced at the marker: Silas Renwick. He shifted his spade and dug to one side. A few feet more, now and . . .

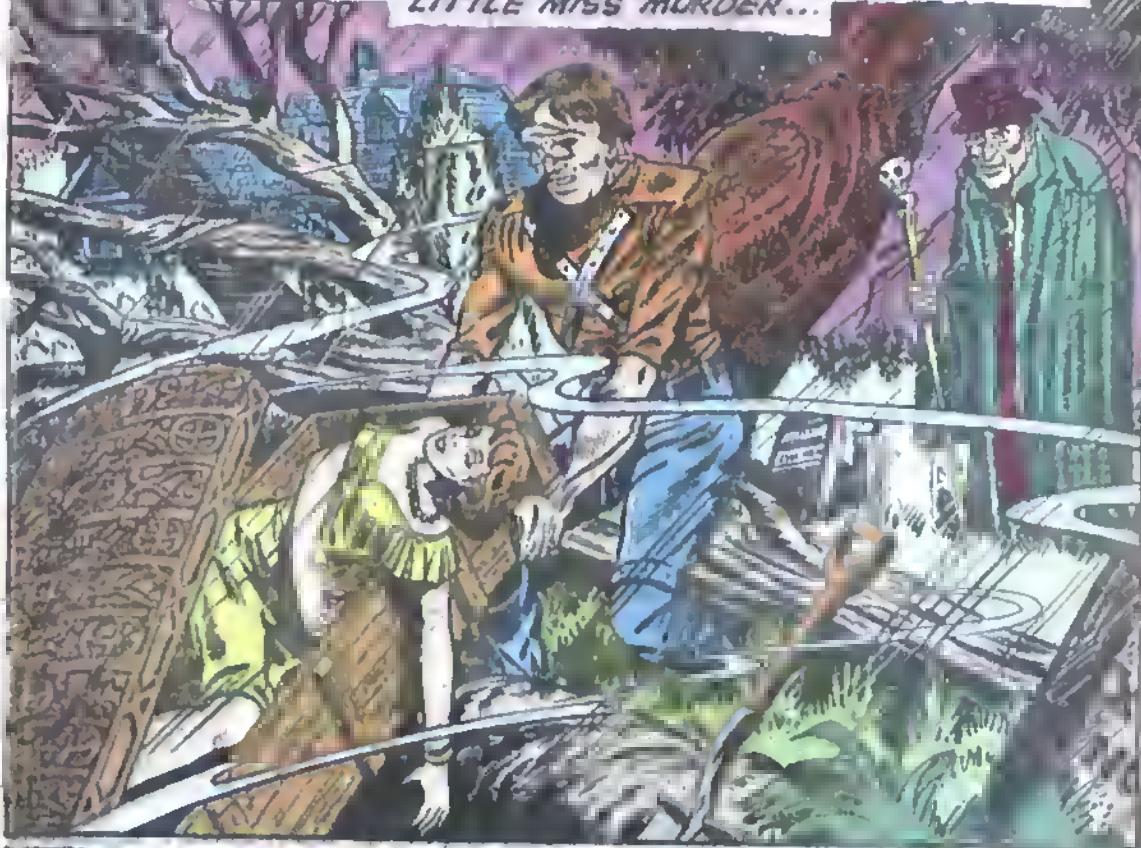
Again he heard the clang of iron on iron. Instantly he doubled his efforts. Within minutes he'd cleared the top of Mary Renwick's iron, outer coffin. He knew from its size that there would be plenty of room inside it for her daughter's body. Mechanically, he bent to unscrew the wing-nut bolts that held the lid down; puffing, he dropped into the trench he'd dug beside the coffin, and lifted the lid.

And then Anson Morby screamed.

Before his eyes the lid of the inner coffin came open with a jerky creaking of hinges. Two bright, beady eyes glared at him from within. And the bony hands that writhed toward his throat caught him in an irresistible grip. Choking, forced back against the coffin lid as the horror from within ripped the breath from his body, his dying eyes came to rest on the grave markers above him. It was vengeance killing him, he knew; death-driven vengeance by dead hands. But it was also the rain that had killed him. The rain, causing the grave markers to shift position, leading him to open, by mistake, the iron, outer coffin of the man he had helped to murder by poison — *Silas Renwick!*

The Stolen Corpse

'ABOVE ALL THINGS HE WANTED A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOR HIS OWN - BUT, FATE HAD SO, ONE AWFUL NIGHT WHEN THE WIND HOWLED IN ANGUISH AND THE DEAD STIRRED UNEASILY IN THEIR GRAVES, HE DETERMINED TO MAKE A CREATURE OF HIS OWN! WHAT HE FASHIONED WAS HORRIBLE BEYOND ALL BELIEF! COME NOW AND MEET - LITTLE MISS MURDER...

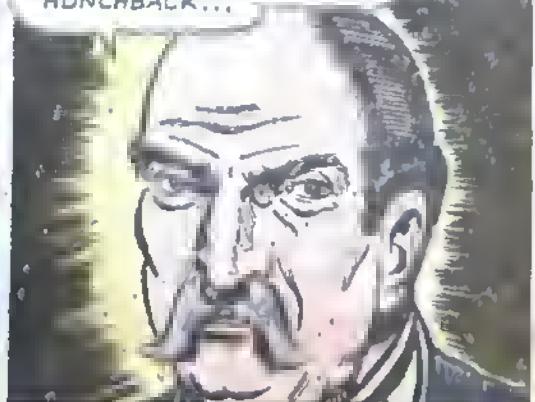


IN THE FACULTY CLUB OF A SMALL COLLEGE, TWO MEN SIT BESIDE A SNUG FIRE AND THE STORY BEGINS...

BY THE WAY, JIM, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU REMEMBER PROFESSOR TEMPLE...

LARRY TEMPLE! I - I'VE HEARD STRANGE STORIES ABOUT HIM!

NONE AS STRANGE AS THE TRUE STORY, I'LL WAGER! IT'S A WILD NIGHT OUTSIDE, AND THE STORY ITSELF IS A WILD AND TERRIBLE ONE! PROFESSOR TEMPLE TAUGHT HERE, YOU KNOW! HE WAS A BRILLIANT MAN, BUT GROTESQUE, AND WITH A HUNCHBACK...



"TEMPLE WAS VERY CONSCIOUS OF HIS UGLINESS! TO MAKE IT WORSE HE WAS MADLY IN LOVE WITH SANDRA THOMPSON, ONE OF OUR ENGLISH INSTRUCTORS! FOR A LONG TIME HE WORSHIPPED HER AT A DISTANCE, BUT ONE NIGHT AT A DANCE..."



SANDRA, I MUST TALK TO YOU! PLEASE COME OUT ON THE TERRACE WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE!

B-BUT, PROFESSOR TEMPLE, I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE WITH BRUCE! WELL, FOR JUST A MINUTE!



"POOR LITTLE MAN! I FEEL SO TERRIBLY SORRY FOR HIM! BUT I DO HOPE HE DOESN'T PROPOSE— OR TRY TO TOUCH ME!"



"BUT TEMPLE LOST CONTROL OF HIMSELF COMPLETELY..."

"NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! PLEASE! I—I CAN'T STAND IT!"

"BUT, SANDRA, I LOVE YOU! YOU MUST MARRY ME! YOU MUST!"



"THERE WAS A DREADFUL SCENE! BRUCE MANNING, SANDRA'S ESCORT, FORCIBLY EJECTED TEMPLE..."

"NO, BRUCE! DON'T HURT HIM!"

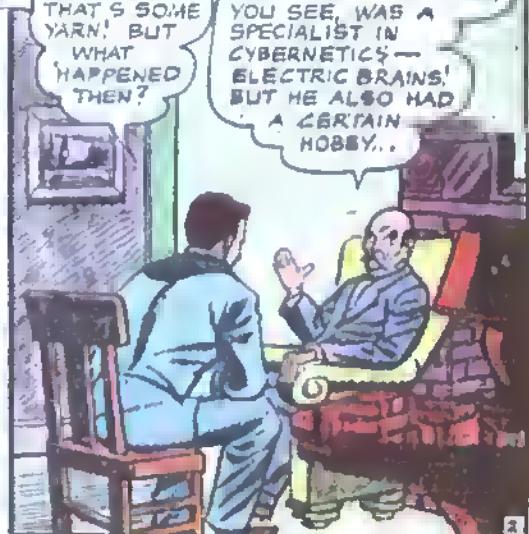
"I WON'T! WHO WANTS TO HIT A DIRTY LITTLE CRIPPLE? BUT OUT HE GOES!"

"C-cripple, eh? YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU SOMEHOW!"



"GOSH, SIR, THAT'S SOME YARN! BUT WHAT HAPPENED THEN?"

"SOMETHING TERRIBLE AND TRAGIC! TEMPLE, YOU SEE, WAS A SPECIALIST IN CYBERNETICS— ELECTRIC BRAINS! BUT HE ALSO HAD A CERTAIN HOBBY..."



JOURNEY INTO FEAR .

"UNKNOWN TO THE COLLEGE AUTHORITIES, HE WAS EXPERIMENTING WITH ANOTHER SORT OF ROBOT! AND HE HAD THE FIENDISH AMBITIONS OF A MADMAN..."



HE WANTED TO MAKE A ROBOT THAT WAS AS NEAR HUMAN AS POSSIBLE! AND HE HAD ONE SUCH ROBOT HALF COMPLETED WHEN SUDDENLY SANDRA THOMPSON DIED!



THE GIRL D-DIED SIR! WHAT A PITY! IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! BECAUSE TEMPLE NOW SAW HIS CHANCE TO HAVE THE GIRL HE WANTED—EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS DEAD. ONE NIGHT...



HEH-HEH! SO MY LOVELY SANDRA IS DEAD! THEY BURIED HER THIS AFTERNOON, RIGHT HERE! AND I—(CHUCKLE)— SHALL RESURRECT HER!



LAUGHED AT ME, DID THEY! CALLED ME A CRIPPLE, INSULTED ME BEFORE EVERYONE! SHE COULDN'T BEAR MY TOUCH IN LIFE! I—(HAH-HAH)— WONDER HOW IT WILL BE IN DEATH?



NO COMPLAINTS NOW, MY SWEET! BUT NEVER FEAR, IF MY EXPERIMENT WORKS, I'LL TEACH YOU TO LOVE ME— AND ONLY ME! WE SHALL SEE!



I'LL HAVE TO FORGET MY WORK ON THE OTHER ROBOT FOR A TIME AND CONCENTRATE ON SANDRA! AND I MUST BE VERY CAREFUL! IF PEOPLE KNEW MY PLANS, THEY WOULD LYNCH ME!



"THE NEXT DAY, TEMPLE MADE CERTAIN
GRISLY PREPARATIONS..."

TOO RISKY TO DO MY WORK HERE! I'LL
MOVE OUT TO THE WEST COAST, FIND A
SECLUDED SPOT, AND I'LL SHIP MY, ER,
SPECIMENS IN THESE CRATES!



Y-YOU MEAN HE SHIPPED THE BODY
OF THAT POOR DEAD GIRL BY
EXPRESS?

HE DID! NOBODY
SUSPECTED! ON THE COAST
HE OUTFITTED ANOTHER
LABORATORY IN A DESOLATE
SPOT BY THE SEA!



THIS IS PERFECT! NOT A NEIGHBOR
WITHIN TWENTY MILES! BUT I'VE
ALREADY WASTED ENOUGH TIME!
I MUST GET TO WORK!



YOU MY DEAR DEAD SANDRA, I AM
TURNING YOU INTO A ROBOT! I WILL
GIVE YOU A NEW ELECTRONIC BRAIN
AND I WILL CONTROL IT! I SHALL
TEACH YOU WHO IS MASTER THEN!



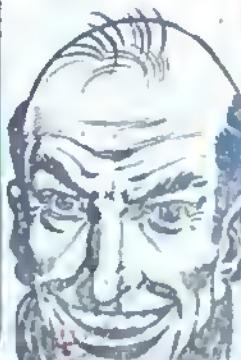
"SOON THE BRAIN WAS COMPLETED..."

AT LAST! A THING OF BEAUTY! A
PRODUCT OF A GREAT GENIUS—
ME! AND MY NEW TECHNIQUE
HAS KEPT THE BODY OF THE GIRL
IN PERFECT SHAPE!

ONCE THE
BRAIN IS
INSTALLED, SHE
WILL LIVE AGAIN—
ONLY THIS TIME
AS A ROBOT—
MY CREATURE!

"DEFTLY AND SURELY THE EVIL
GENIUS COMPLETED HIS WORK..."

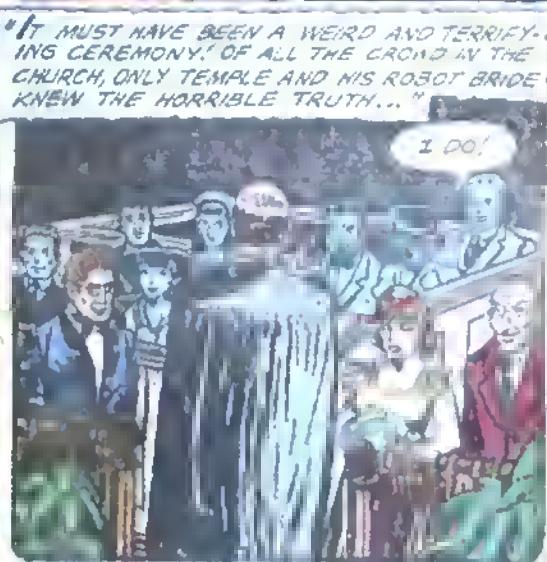
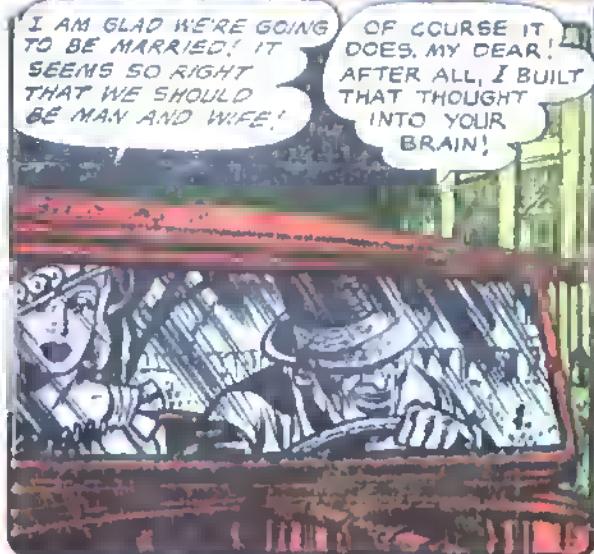
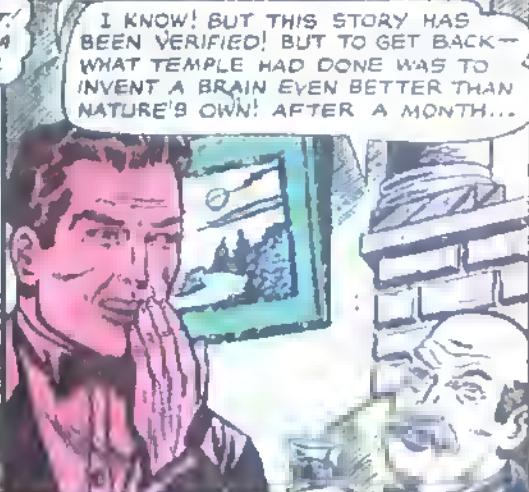
THERE! IT'S DONE! NOW A
CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY TO
ACTIVATE IT, AND SHE WILL
LIVE! AND BE MINE AT LAST!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

"TEMPLE DID IT! SOON THE GIRL WAS ACTUALLY ALIVE AGAIN, A LIVING CREATURE WITH AN ELECTRIC BRAIN..."

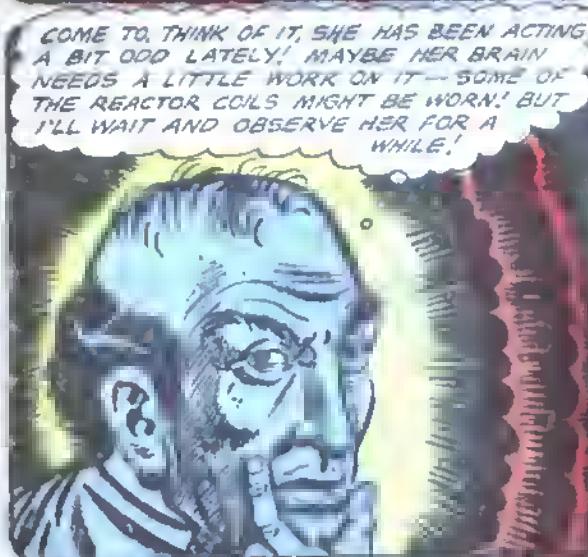
EXCUSE ME, SIR! I DON'T MEAN TO SEEM SKEPTICAL, BUT AFTER ALL...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

"TEMPLE SOON FORGOT ABOUT THE STRANGE SOUND OF SANDRA'S HEART! HE TAUGHT HER TO ASSIST HIM IN THE LABORATORY..."

"BUT ONE DAY, TO HIS DISMAY, HE FOUND THE CHASSIS OF THE OTHER ROBOT MISSING..."



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

"THE AMAZED TEMPLE SAW THAT THERE WAS SOMEONE WITH SANDRA..."

"AS HE LISTENED, HIS AMAZEMENT AND ANGER GREW! A WHOLLY INCREDIBLE THING HAD HAPPENED..."

A MAN! A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WHERE COULD HE HAVE COME FROM?

THAT ISN'T A MAN! IT'S THE OTHER ROBOT! THE ONE WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON! THE ONE THAT WAS MISSING!

I AM GRATEFUL TO YOU, SANDRA!



I KNOW WE ARE BOTH ONLY ROBOTS, BUT HOW DID YOU EVER LEARN ENOUGH TO MAKE ME? WHY DID YOU COMPLETE ME IN SECRET?

BECAUSE I HATE HIM! TEMPLE! AND EVEN HE DOES NOT KNOW HOW WELL MY BRAIN FUNCTIONS! FOR MONTHS NOW I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO THINK FOR MYSELF!

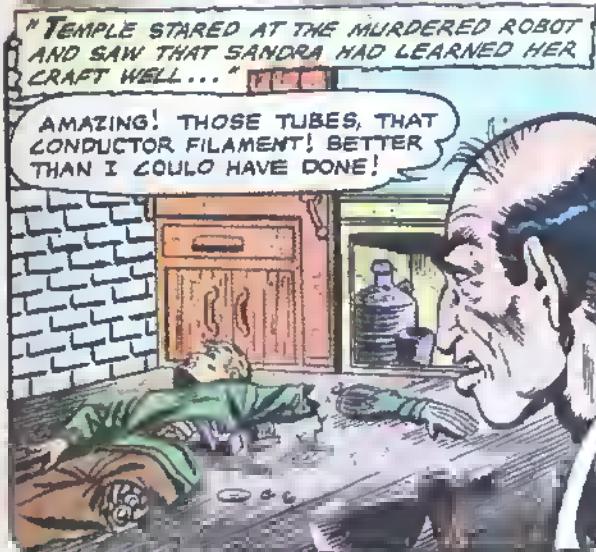
AND I NEED SOMEONE TO LOVE! SOMEONE YOUNG AND HANDSOME—ANOTHER ROBOT! SO IF YOU SAY SO, MY LOVE!



YOU SEE THE DREADFUL IRONY OF IT, JIM! TEMPLE HAD CREATED A CREATURE WHO COULD ACTUALLY OUT-THINK HIM! AND SHE LOATHED HIM! SO JUST AS HE HAD MADE HER, SHE MADE A ROBOT FOR HERSELF!

FANTASTIC! ROBOT MAKING A ROBOT! BUT WHAT DID TEMPLE DO?





JOURNEY INTO FEAR

AND THAT'S THE STORY OF PROFESSOR TEMPLE, JIM! HE KILLED HIMSELF THE NEXT DAY! THEY FOUND A DIARY WITH ALL THE FACTS, JUST AS I TOLD THEM TO YOU TONIGHT!

BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO SANDRA, TO THE ROBOT?

THEY NEVER FOUND HER! SHE MIGHT BE ANYWHERE, POSING AS A HUMAN BEING! GOOD NIGHT, JIM!

WHW—THAT WAS SOME STORY! I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW MUCH OF IT IS REALLY TRUE!

GOOD NIGHT, SIR!

TAXI!



FUNNY THING! AT THE CLUB WITH THE PROFESSOR, I ALMOST BELIEVED THAT CRAZY STORY OF HIS! NOW I DON'T! SO WE'LL JUST SKIP IT!

IF YOU LIKE, DARLING! BUT COME AND GIVE YOUR WIFE A KISS!

SUDDENLY JIM FEELS A CHILL STRIKE DOWN HIS SPINE! HIS MIND REELS! HE REMEMBERS THAT HE REALLY KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT SALLY, WHO HAD SAID SHE IS AN ORPHAN...

HER H-HEART! IT DOESN'T BEAT!

TICK-TOCK
TOK-TICK
WHIRRRL
TOK-TOK

The End

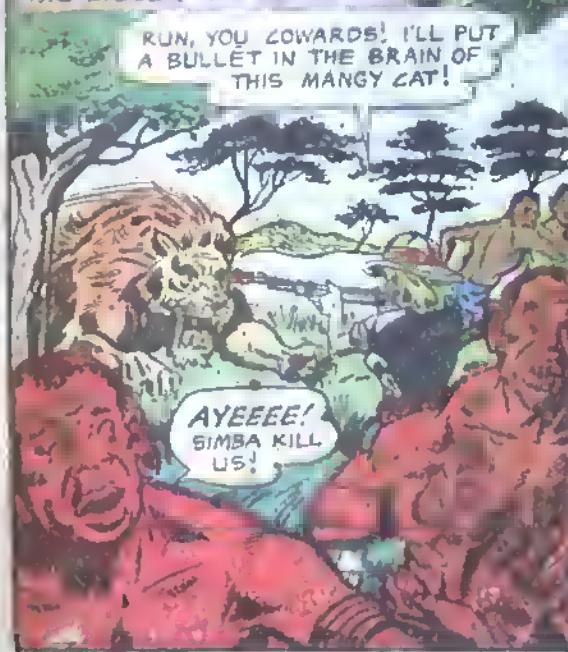
The Monster's Revenge

EVER LOOK BEHIND YOU ON A DARK NIGHT AND KNOW SOMETHIN'S WAS THERE? INVISIBLE, YET STEALTHY AND TERRIBLE, COCKING YOUR EYES, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO DORENE CHRISTY, FAMOUS GIRL HUNTER! SHE RAN HALF-MAD ACROSS THE WORLD, SEEKING ESCAPE FROM AN EVIL WHICH SHE HERSELF HAD FABRICATED, BUT IN THE END SHE FOUND NO MERCY FROM THE THING THAT FOLLOWED...



DORENE LOVED TO HUNT BIG GAME—
THE BIGGER THE BETTER...

RUN, YOU COWARDS! I'LL PUT
A BULLET IN THE BRAIN OF
THIS MANGY CAT!



AND...
YOU CAN
COME BACK
NOW, BOYS!
LITTLE DORENE
DID IT AGAIN!
SKIN THIS
BRUTE FOR
ME!

HOEEEEE—
MISSY IS
GREAT
HUNTER!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

A FEW DAYS LATER...

TAMBO, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? WHY ARE THE BOYS DROPPING THEIR LOADS? WHY WON'T THEY GO ON?

THEY MUCH 'FRAID, MISSY! NO WANT GO DEEPER INTO JUNGLE! IS PLACE OF GORILLA PEOPLE! ME 'FRAID, TOO!

GORILLA PEOPLE? WHAT KIND OF Nonsense IS THAT?

AVEEEE—
TAMBO SPEAK TRUE!

IS MUCH BAD! THEY GORILLA BY DAY, BUT CAN TURN INTO HUMAN AT NIGHT! IS WITCHCRAFT! WE NOT GO!

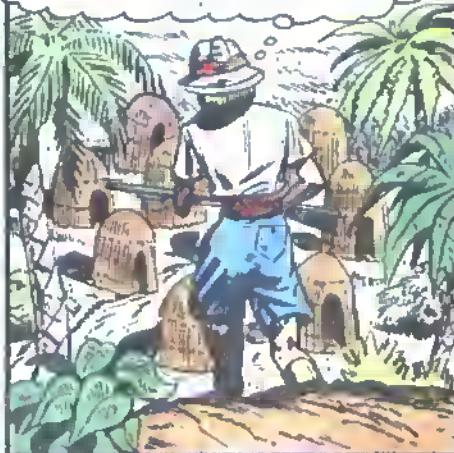
AND DORENE GOES ON ALONE, DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE TRACKLESS JUNGLE...

ENRAGED, DORENE OPENS FIRE...

ALL RIGHT, YOU LILY-LIVERED COWARDS! GO HOME! I'LL HELP YOU ALONG! RUN, OR I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU!

YAAA—
PLEASE NOT SHOOT!
AEeeeeeeeee—

SO THIS IS THE VILLAGE OF THE GORILLA PEOPLE, IS IT?
HAH-HAH! THOSE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES! THIS IS JUST A BUNCH OF OLD ABANDONED HUTS!



BUT THERE IS A BROODING MENACE ABOUT THE EMPTY HUTS THAT IS UNNERVING...

IT IS QUEER! I FOUND FOOD IN THOSE HUTS, FRESHLY COOKED FOOD! IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY KNEW I WAS COMING AND FLED INTO THE JUNGLE!

THAT NIGHT A GRADUAL TERROR CREEPS OVER THE GIRL! BECAUSE OUT THERE...

EYES! HUNDREDS OF BRIGHT RED EYES! THEY WATCH ME, BUT THEY NEVER MAKE A SOUND! B-BUT SOMEHOW I KNOW THEY AREN'T ANIMALS!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

EARLY NEXT MORNING, HER NERVES RAGGED, DORENE STARTS BACK...

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! SOMETHING IS STILL WATCHING ME, I KNOW IT! I CAN FEEL THE EYES ON MY BACK!



SUDDENLY...

THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD HAVE SWORN I HEARD SOMEONE MOAN! LIKE A PERSON IN DREADFUL PAIN!



SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM OVER HERE SOMEWHERE! WHY, IT'S A PIT! AN ANIMAL PIT, AND SOMEONE IS TRAPPED IT!



COLD FINGERS RUN ALONG HER SPINE...

ONLY A GORILLA! B-BUT I WOULD HAVE BET MY LAST CARTRIDGE THAT I HEARD A HUMAN BEING!

OOHHHHUUUUU-
MOAN- MMMMM-

BUT AS SHE LEVELS THE GUN...

L-LOOK! THE WAY ITS PAWS ARE CLASPED! ALMOST LIKE IT'S PRAYING FOR LIFE! I-I MUST BE GETTING JUNGLE FEVER! I CAN'T REALLY BE SEEING THIS!

UNHH- MUUU-
AHH- MOANN-



TO BE FOLLOWED BY RAGE AT HERSELF...

WHAT A FOOL I AM, LETTING MY IMAGINATION RUN AWAY WITH ME! I'LL BE AS BAD AS THE NATIVES IF I'M NOT CAREFUL!

MOANNNNNN-

THERE! THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU, AND I CAN BE ON MY WAY!

BLAM!

BANG!

EEEEEEEEE-



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

AS THE HUGE APE GAGS OUT ITS LIFE, DOREENE TURNS AND FLEES ALONG THE JUNGLE TRAIL, DRIVEN BY SUDDEN FEAR...

THAT DEATH CRY! HORRIBLE! ALMOST AS IF I'D SHOT A HUMAN BEING! AND N-NOW I FEEL AS THOUGH I WERE BEING FOLLOWED AGAIN!



AND THEN... AHHH— A BULL APE! AFTER ME! IT MUST BE THE MATE OF THE ONE I K-KILLED!



THE FURRY MONSTER CHARGED, ITS JAWS FLECKED WITH FOAM...

H-HERE IT COMES! I MUSTN'T MISS! OH! I FORGOT TO RELOAD!



DOREENE DROPS THE USELESS GUN AND FLEES IN TERROR...

AGRRRRRRR— EEEEEEE— IT'LL TEAR ME TO PIECES!



BUT JUST AS THE CRUTE REACHES FOR HER...

RRRRRR— GRRRRR— ANOTHER HUNTING PARTY! HELP! SAVE ME! KILL THAT MONSTER!



NO USE, BWANA! MAN CREATURE GONE!

YES, BLAST IT! IT WAS SMART ENOUGH TO TURN TAIL AND RUN! FIERCE-LOOKING BEAST, TOO!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

FOR ONCE, DORENE HAS HER FILL OF MOUNTAIN AND CATCHES A PLANE FOR THE COAST...

I HEARD ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH THAT GORILLA, MISS CHRISTY! YOU'RE A PRETTY LUCKY GIRL!

I KNOW! FOR A TIME I ALMOST BELIEVED THE NATIVE'S STORY ABOUT GORILLA PEOPLE! BUT I CAN LAUGH AT IT NOW!

SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T PAY TO LAUGH, MISS! FUNNY THINGS CAN HAPPEN IN THE JUNGLE!



BUT DORENE REMEMBERS - THE EYES THAT WATCHED HER, THE GORILLA WHO SEEMED TO PRAY FOR LIFE! BACK IN NEW YORK IT MAKES A GOOD STORY! ONE NIGHT...

THE LION? YES, THAT'S THE ONE I SHOT JUST BEFORE I HAD THE FANTASTIC ADVENTURE WITH THE GORILLAS!

I WENT ALONE TO THE VILLAGE WHERE THOSE FOOL NATIVES SAID THE GORILLA PEOPLE LIVED! IMAGINE - APES THAT BECOME PEOPLE AT NIGHT! BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING VERY PECULIAR ABOUT THAT FEMALE I KILLED! SHE SEEMED TO BE PRAYING...

THE STORY IS TOLD AGAIN AND AGAIN! AT LAST IT GROWS LATE AND THE GUESTS LEAVE...

GOOD NIGHT, EVERYONE! COME AGAIN SOON!

NIGHT, DORENE! WONDERFUL PARTY!



AT LAST! I'M - (YAWN) - GLAD THEY'RE GONE! NOW FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!



SHE TURNS - AND AN ICY HAND GRIPS HER HEART...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

YOU DON'T REMEMBER ME? YOU SHOULD! WE'VE MET BEFORE, IN A PLACE A LONG WAY FROM HERE!

I — I DON'T REMEMBER AT ALL! NOW IF YOU WILL PLEASE GO! I'M AWFULLY TIRED, AND...

BUT THE STRANGER SHOWS NO SIGNS OF GOING...

I'M AFRAID! MAYBE I CAN CALL DOWN TO THE SWITCH-BOARD FOR HELP!

NO USE, MISS CHRISTY! GET AWAY FROM THAT PHONE! AND LOOK INTO MY EYES. SEE IF YOU CAN'T REMEMBER!



Y-YOUR EYES! THEY-THERE IS SOMETHING! BUT I CAN'T...

YOU SHOULD KNOW! IT WAS YOU WHO MURDERED MY WIFE! REMEMBER NOW? YOU SHOT HER DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!



THEN DORENE REMEMBERS — AND THE WORLD SPINS IN A MIST OF TERROR...

YOU! EEEEEEEEEE! IT — IT'S TRUE, THEN!

YES, IT'S TRUE! I'VE FOLLOWED YOU A LONG TIME — FOR THIS!



FOR THEY HAD MET BEFORE — IN THE JUNGLE...

AS A BLOOD-RED SUN GILOS THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN, A FURRY BRUTE STALKS AND KILLS! DORENE, IN THAT LAST HORRIBLE SECOND BEFORE THE FANGS BIT DEEP, KNEW THE TRUTH: THE NATIVES HAD NOT LIED...



The Sun

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Charges

- 1 GOLDEN OAK FINISHED HARDWOOD
HANDLE with meditation case.
- 2 6" FULL PANEL SAW — For general
carpentry.
- 3 5" HEAVY DUTY SAW — For framing
cutting logs.
- 4 PRECISION DOVETAIL SAW — 17 teeth to
the inch for knife-like cuts.
- 5 4" COMPASS and HOBBY SAW
- 6 2" KEYHOLE SAW — Perfect for curves and
tight corners.

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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